BLOCKPRINT

BLOCKPRINT

April 17, 1967 Vol. 16, No. 22

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. . . and a special thanks to Evelyn Sager

"We want everybody to be free to dance and sing in the streets and children free to paint on the sidewalks. Everybody should be an artist."

—Underground, Incorporated—

Subscription rates $5.00 per year ($ .17 per copy — 30 issues). Printed by Printers' Service & Supply, Inc., 231 Douglas Avenue, Providence, Rhode Island. Second-class postage paid at Providence, R. I. Published weekly on Mondays, except holidays and examination periods while the College is in session, by BLOCKPRINT, Rhode Island School of Design, 2 College Street, Providence, R. I. 02903.

EDITORIAL

The last three issues of BLOCKPRINT have succumbed to the hackneyed accusations of a "communication gap" between students and administration. I admit that I mentioned the same in my first editorial and now I would like to clarify my position. Granted, the gap does exist, most of us are in the dark concerning the working of RISD, but we're humoring ourselves if we cannot see that it is our fault. The student body, as a whole, has not made any concerted attempt to inquire about or participate in RISD affairs.

When was the last time you visited Dean Lay? Wrote one sentence to BLOCKPRINT? Attended a Student Council meeting? Where were you when the Publications Committee wanted applicants for BLOCKPRINT editorship?

If you've avoided all such encounters because you felt that the administration and student leaders are incompetents, that they'd lie and mislead, that their concerns are not yours — then it's time you left RISD. You'll never respect RISD or yourself.

I'll keep referring letters to the administration and faculty. Don will keep writing articles on the administration. BLOCKPRINT will do all it can to maintain a student-administration dialogue. I admit to a "communication gap" — but I do not suggest for a moment that this is a result of an indifferent administration.

We come to RISD and immediately transform ourselves into the epitome of "coolness," are overwhelmed by our freedom, and start to contend with our newly found individuality — and we fall flat on our face. The simple fact is that we can't cope with it. We still need someone to pat us on the back, sit us on their lap, and tell us all's right with the world.

I don't want honest criticism to end. It should continue — but before writing irate letters to BLOCKPRINT that are filled with erroneous information, why not try to find the answer yourself. Talk with some of the administrators — they would be glad to listen.

Personally, I don't get the feeling I'm being stifled or misled by the RISD administration. I am not aware of any undue restrictions that are being forced upon me. My wanderings have not revealed any clandestine treachery being prepared for us in the depths of the College Building.

We need more mature, constructive, and informed criticism. Panaceas for RISD's real ills are hard enough to find — let's not create imaginary ills to contend with.

* * *

Looking back on Mr. Bremer's letter concerning Dr. Bush-Brown, I can easily see that due to phrasing it was a difficult one to answer. Perhaps that is why, at the time of this writing, we have still received no reply.

It is not up to me whether he should answer a letter, the bulk of which was unjust accusations. His duties are many and his time is precious; but many of us are anxiously waiting for something — just this once.

Ronn Spencer

"THE ADMINISTRATION.... WHAT DOES HE DO?

PART II

The gym in the Bank Building was never in such disarray as it was two Wednesdays ago at ten thirty A.M. Papers all over the floor, scattered around a mat in the center of the gym. I gazed upward from the mat, and there up the rope and near the ceiling was a man in gym shorts and tee shirt pulling his way to the roof-top. When he arrived, he reached into a box and hurled paper airplanes into the air and to the floor beneath. As each descended, I tried my best to examine the bold words on those which passed my eye. "Alumni," "Architecture," "Board of Trustees," "Budget," "Buildings and Grounds," "College Council," "Enrollment," "Graduation," and on and on. The pile was immense.

"Mr. Hershey?" I hollered up the rope. He nodded down to me. My curiosity went further, and so I asked the Dean of the Faculty what he was doing. He motioned to the box up on the ceiling and said: "You see this file? I imagine that I have something to do with at least eighty percent of it everyday."

The Dean then descended the rope, hand under hand, and greeted me very warmly. I handed him a towel and explained that I was there on an assignment to improve Administration-Student understanding. He smiled approvingly, saying, "We are not Zeus up there throwing thunderbolts." He added that some students come to him with an idea which they feel can be pushed through by one administrative official. In some cases, the ideas are not well thought out. "A bunch of students come

up with their hats in their faces, and I could drop everything. But instead, I say, 'Here, you work this out. You're looking for Daddy to do it for you.'" Such instances, Dean Hershey feels, demonstrate that some students are not willing to take the responsibility, but only too eager for freedom.

Dean Hershey grabbed the rope and began another ascent to the top. His secretary invited me to follow, handing me a batch of memos. I took the next rope over and proceeded upward, only to land a hand on someone's foot, a foot which had somehow emerged during the interview below. "Do you mind if Mr. Hohannesian sits in?", Dean Hershey asked. "Certainly not," I replied, reaching over to shake Mr. Ho's hand.

"What is the most frequent faculty complaint?" I asked. The Dean mentioned financial needs. "Faculty salaries are below average for a school of this size and in this locality." "What would happen," I asked, "if you could not agree with a faculty proposal," to which he replied that his job was not to veto. If such a situation occurred he would perhaps make recommendations and then forward the proposal to the President, who would then introduce it to the Board of Trustees.

In Dean Hershey's opinion, there is no faculty more dedicated than that at the School of Design. When I cited the turn-over of the last ten years or so, he indicated that some faculty members left because of greater financial offers, while others went when the school dropped certain departments.

I was about to move on myself, my reasons stemming mainly from rope fatigue, when I noticed Dean Hershey searching the pockets of his gym shorts. I looked over at Mr. Ho. "A match," he said, smiling first at me and then at the pockets of my wrinkled perma-press Lee Leans. "Lee Leans?" Mr. Ho. asked as I swung over to light Dean Hershey's pipe. I nodded, feeling very embarrased.

I thanked Dean Hershey, for the interview, and shook his and Mr. Ho's hand. As I climbed down, the phone rang. Dean Hershey answered: "Non parla ingles? What is he? A sculptor. Our Italian instructor isn't on campus today. Get in touch with Gil Franklin."

When I landed on the mat, he shouted down to me: "You wanted to know what I do. That's one part of it."

From what I gather, there are many parts to the job of being the Dean of the Faculty. And Dean Hershey seems to know the ropes.

Don Simon

EDITORIAL

Although we all realize that conditions at RISD are never as good as we'd like them to be, or even as good as they should, it becomes more serious when we find that conditions at RISD are not as good as those at our competitor schools. RISD has less studio hours than any art school giving a degree in the East. Harvard, Yale, and Cooper Union have studios opened all night. Until recently no departments at RISD stayed open past 11:00 P.M.

Of course, people have complained about short hours, but either they were too happy in their misery, too apathetic, or too disorganized to do anything. Maybe too few people care about work or working conditions but at any rate, THE ARCHITECTS CARE. The architects decided they would like to work in the architecture building past the early hour of eleven. They went to their faculty to see how a change of schedule could be arranged. From there they proceeded to Dean Hershey, the College Council and the trustees. Through these channels somewhere, somehow, something was accomplished. Now on a trial basis the architecture department will remain open until 1:00 A.M. Through a system of student hall monitors, sign-outs, and escorts to see the young ladies home, the architects seem to have met the administration's requirements.

The problems involved are numerous and difficult to overcome because of course MONEY enters the scene. If buildings are left open, guards must be paid to protect them from the invasion of unsavory characters. The school also feels responsible for girls walking alone late at night. Several workshops must be under teacher supervision for safety measures. The hopes of those students interested in extension of hours for the woodshop are rather bleak.

The fact remains that several areas should be opened more and could be with a minimum of difficulty and ingenuity (On the part of the students?)

The freshman building situation is especially worthy of attention. Since all freshmen live in dorms in a very restricted working environment, they should be allowed to work in the freshman building at night. This building closes promptly at 5:00 P.M. and countless freshman are suffered to work on large 2-D, 3-D and lettering projects at small desks in small, poorly-lit rooms. The dormitory workrooms are in poor condition and if many girls found them adequate, they would be far too small. Sculptors, weavers, photographers, and ceramists must finish working by eleven, an early hour for some "dedicated artists." The problem of over-crowding in the photo lab might be solved by giving students more time.

At present all school buildings are locked on Sundays. We are not naive enough to think that the administration doesn't expect us to work on The Day of Rest, but it is rather discouraging when students who can work only in school buildings are prohibited from Sunday activity.

If enough students show concern for the improvement of their working environment, Dean Lay has stated that something may be done next year. If the school decides against spending extra money on more guards, an alternate responsible scheme may be proposed by students. If anyone cares, something may be done.

Susan Smith

At One Benefit Street

(near Olney)

THE MOUTHPIECE

COFFEE HOUSE

is open every FRIDAY and SATURDAY

8-12 P.M.

for music & talk

HOW CLOSE IS MARCO POLO?

College students continually have difficulty in demagnetizing themselves from the pole labeled "educational survival and financial upheaval."

The School of Design's tuition, being regulated under the mercy of endowments, cannot easily be improved. However, in areas that prices can be controlled — such as the bookstore — one doubts why they haven't been. In comparing the price of materials in the school store with that of profit making organizations, the difference is remarkably slight. Discount houses do not exist in Providence as they do in other large cities. The school's one thousand students will, however, continue to buy supplies.

Other schools do consider this problem and supply their students with discounts. What is the reason for the R.I.S.D. store charging the prices they do? Perhaps the profits are returning to the school for improvements? And perhaps not?

What are the reasons that are holding us back from buying student paper at student prices?

C. C. WOLF

WHAT CAN BE WRITTEN?

I am trying to find some issue to write about. In a vain attempt I have even read all the late '50's BLOCKPRINT copies. However, I was pushed from this course when I realized that these papers had to be the source of the editor's improving editorials. Bud Williams was no help at all. Nor was the English assignment for tomorrow equal to the marvelous quotes that fill the BLOCKPRINT mailbox in the S.A.O. So I am stuck.

It is not that I really have to write anything, but after an evening and morning of running back and forth from the printer's and snackbar, I seem to want to sit down. I smoke too much anyway and typing keeps the devil's playground busy. Actually, I want to lie down and sleep, no, I don't smoke in bed either, but someone at this screaming school has to wait for the morning and its at varium literary associations.

What all this infers, if I must translate, is simply this. There ain't no news like old news. If you want to argue that point just come up and read the old papers or the new, it don't make that much difference. Bud plays nice music and gives us plugs but his conversation, though sparkling, is not very controversial. Anyone who uses Tom Pynchon's **V.** or the **Rover Boys Go to Psi U** instead of their own words to express whatever plots lurk in the rear of their medula should have their throats clogged with cotton. I am not tired but, I could be less fatigued if someone who can type would show up and take at least the first watch.

Baby you don't have to show if you think this sounds like another we need help ad for BLOCKPRINT. All that I want is one letter or article before the end of the year that reads like you're not Leroi Jones. You can take it easy and just ease into the snackbar some Friday afternoon and drop in a few words for our tape machine, but please lay off the in phrases. Be more articulate that "BLOCKPRINT is a virgin" no matter how pregnant with meaning it may be. And if you decide to come down en masse assemble on the floor of the gym, we will be giving out words from our private balcony.

Charles C. Leonard, III

EDITOR, BLOCKPRINT:

"Today Is Our Day, April 1st Is Theirs"

What is happening here today is great. But by Monday, all of this is to go. Unless something else is done this could be quite superficial, and nostalgically become the day when the school was let loose. If we use today as an example of how R.I.S.D. can become a permanent transformation like it should, even though everything is removed, we have had a tremendous import on the state of mind of this institution.

If we look at the college building, we find it could be merely another faculty of the court-house, and if we look at the auditorium and textile building it is an extension of our neighboring insurance companies. Where does R.I.S D. begin? Why should we look like these other institutions. Surely we shouldn't, but we do. The reason is that the major decisions made here at this school are extensions of the influence from the outside and not the inside. The truth of the matter is that the real transformation does not only need to take place on the walls or in the spaces but in the operation and source of decisions in the school. No, students were not asked about the snack bar when it was built nor did they obviously have anything to do with the bookstore. Monday the walls will be clean, the paper taken down and the authorities in control again.

Whether today will become a nostalgic superfical "happening" or the day when the forge was fired for a permanent state of change will depend on each individual here, both students and faculty.

Delivered March 31 on Congdon Street —
Don Kohler, Junior

Dear Editor,

I have been closely following the controversy and opinions submitted to BLOCKPRINT by students, and I frankly find most of the criticism about student life and the administration to be rather immature and naive.

First of all, I am a freshman and a transfer student, and I can say from my own experience that there is more freedom and lack of restraint here than any other college I have attended or visited. However, I hear a constant undertone among students for more freedom and more responsibility. I was definitely convinced over Warhol weekend wall scribblings on Mem. Hall, the stripes on that not only do many of the students have as much responsibility and freedom as they can rationally handle now, but they misuse that which they have already been given. The wall scribblings on Mem. Hall, the stripes on the wall along Waterman, and the flowers and footprints painted on the walls and sidewalks did **not** strike me as being attractive and "cool," but rather sloppy and detractive to the school. Had these marks been applied by any other faction, the results would be labeled vandalism and malicious mischief. A fun-time mess is all fine and dandy, as long as those who make it clean it up, but how many of those that did the painting and scribbling showed up to clean up? Responsibility is generally a sign of maturity and a result of conscience.

Secondly, I cannot see what the complaints toward the administration are based on. In my experiences, I've found that the administration is just like the people of which it is composed. If you treat it with respect and rationality, it treats you likewise. Anyone who expects to give the administration all kinds of dirt, and get kind treatment back, has his head in the sand.

Another point I would like to mention is that most students will be here four or, at best, five years. True, this is a decent chunk out of our lives, but it is actually pretty short compared to the rest of our existences. I seem to detect a fraction that wishes RISD to be a flawlessly free, Nirvana — like exist-

ence while they are here, but this is a rather shortsighted aim. We all live in a civilization, and we must please or serve someone in order to eat. To go around serving and pleasing only yourself while the money keeps coming in the mail would be great,, but four years slip by awfully quickly and pretty soon you're out on your own and you get hungry. Not only is it impossible for the school to make everyone happy, but it would be a disservice to all of us for it to try.

I am not saying that we should accept everything and passively let all go by, but to **think** next time, not completely in terms of our own personal wants, but with a little perspective on the entire situation. RISD is an art school, yes, but let's not make that an excuse for anarchy, irresponsibility, and selfishness.

Kenneth Emerson, freshman

Editor, BLOCKPRINT:

With many of us losing or about to lose our student draft deferments, it is now a good time to consider if we are not doing wrong by allowing ourselves to be inducted into military service. Good intentions aside, the military forces of this country and of all countries function to destroy human beings. Roughly 300,000 people have been thus far killed in Vietnam, 30,000,000 were destroyed in the second World War, and several billion will die in the next.

No one wants war or to kill other people, but we are led to believe that each war is somehow "necessary." We "serve our country" — or "get it over with" — and so go off to basic training and its rifle range, or at least shall do so until that day comes when we have destroyed ourselves and the human future. This need not be inevitable. The novelist Tolstoy writes: "In order that people who do not want war should not fight, it is not necessary to have international law, arbitration, international Tribunals, or solutions of problems; but it is necessary merely that those who are subjected to the deceit should awake and free themselves from the spell of enchantment is for those who do not want war, who regard participation in it as sin, is to refrain from fighting."

The only way to prevent the third and final world war, I believe, is for each one of us to refuse to serve in the armed forces.

If you are uneasy about the direction that this country is taking in waging a war in Vietnam, or have doubts about whether you could with clear conscience participate in this war, alternatives to military service do exist. They include medical duty, civilian service, and non-cooperation.

I'd be glad to help anyone who is uncertain about whether or not he is a conscientious objector to war.

Daniel Gridley, sophomore
Box 415

All right all you long hairy cooly artist hipocrat students who are proabably in school only to cover up that you have **NO TALENT** and only want to be In and have an excuse to act like IDOITS and pretend it is because you are better than other AMERICANS who are probably better artists than you. You do arty work that looks like my senile father's finger-puke smering (which is how you Smell) what I want to tell you is plain as day. If you don't like your school with all your smart-ass letters and stuff why don't you burn it down and see real life instead. Or shut up.

"Rock" Argo
REAL Artist

NEW APPOINTMENT

Donald M. Lay, Jr., dean of students at Rhode Island School of Design, has been appointed dean of the college, according to an announcement made today by Dr. Albert Bush-Brown, president. The appointment will become effective July 1.

In his new office, created last Fall by the board of trustees under a plan of administrative reorganization, Dean Lay will report directly to the president and will be responsible for guiding the entire educational program of the college. His office will be responsible for guiding the work of the dean of the faculty, the dean of students, the director of admissions, the director of the extension schools, the registrar and the librarian.

"Donald Lay came to Rhode Island School of Design in July, 1965, after a long and admirable career in private secondary education," Dr. Bush-Brown said. "In his two years here as dean of students, Dean Lay has shown extraordinary leadership and understanding of students. His instincts and sensitivity enabled him to appreciate the special features of design education and the character of the professional faculty here. Our faculty, students and all of his colleagues in administration welcome Dean Lay to his new position."

Dean Lay is a native of New York and a summer resident of Barnstable, Mass. He received his undergraduate education at the University of Virginia and Hofstra College, New York University, where he was awarded the B.A. degree in 1939. Three years later he received an M.A. from the University of Southern California.

During World War II he served as a pilot in the United States Naval Reserve and as officer-in-charge of the navy's air-navigation schools at Lakehurst, New Jersey. He was released from active duty with the rank of lieutenant in 1946.

Dean Lay began his career in education as a teacher of English at the Hotchkiss School, Lakeville, Conn. Later he taught at Yale University and the California Preparatory School, Ojai, Calif., where he also served as chairman of the English department. In 1948 he became chairman of the English department and director of college guidance at Loomis School, Windsor, Conn. He remained at Loomis until 1962, when he accepted an appointment as headmaster of the Palm Beach Private School.

Dean Lay was a Fullbright exchange teacher at the King's School, Sherborne, Dorset, England, during 1952-53. He is a member of a number of professional organizations including the National Association of Teachers of English and the New England Council of Teachers of English.

Dean Lay is married to the former Mary Graves of New Canaan, Conn., a graduate of the Masters School, Dobbs Ferry, N.Y., and of Bradford Junior College in Massachusetts. The Lays have four children, one in the Navy in Vietnam, one at Smith, one at Loomis, and one at Moses Brown.

BYRD HOG SHOW MAKES PRINT

"Recently, the Pasadena Art Museum, exhibited the J. Hunter Byrd Animated Hog Show, "Crawl, Crawl, Crawl," for which spectators were led into a room within a room where they found themselves suspended on a gigantic net. The area was enclosed by sheets of plastic and behind the banks of light flashed colored, irregular patterns to the accompaniment of electronic moans!"

Mademoiselle magazine newsletter
April 5th, 1967

BP INTERVIEWS BARRETT

The job of Sports Editor is one of a constant review of competitive events. If one is not dedicated to this pursuit of many challenges, the constant whirl can be quite boring. Therefore until I recently ran into Bill Barret the post was unfilled. Bill told of his new position and, my interest aroused, I decided that I needed to move into the too long vacant position. Since Bill has moved from the BLOCKPRINT editorship he has traded his pen for a mightier sword in the form of his position as an organizing member of the Crystal Tap Soccer team. His enthusiasm caught on and I decided to ask for the following interview which he kindly granted.

Charles Columbus Leonard III — "Well, Bill? Just how long has your team been on the soccer scene?"

Bill — Well, Chuck, I reckon that we have been around about three weeks although we haven't had a ball or any practices. The real problem seems to be one of control."

Charles C. Leonard III — "You of course mean ball handling control?"

Bill — "No, Chuck, not really that. We can't seem to get any farther than the Crystal for pre-game warmups."

Charles C. Leonard III — "Well, Bill, I imagine that you as captain will be able to get the team out of its pre-season slump."

Bill — "No, Chuck, I am not really the captain. The team doesn't like that kind of organization. We like more of a free flowing turf experience, but we do have Edouard Dumont (Dewey) Dufresne for a manager."

Chuck — "Then I imagine that you favor the European style out there on the dirt and green?"

Bill — "Yep Red, that's right. Yeah you got it straight Churck."

Red — "Who will you be up against this season Bill?"

Bill — "Red, we're going to be up against that highly organized, crack RISD soccer team under the toe of Cofffeebean Barretto."

Red — "When are you scheduled to go up against Speedy Sanka and the other golden toes?"

Bill — "Well Red, we plan to play them until we win, although there is slated a possible exhibition game for kite day."

Red — "You said possible, Bill?"

Bill — "Yeah Red. We will have it if all of us last without passing out."

Red — "Will you have the game broadcasted?"

Bill — "We're not too sure, Red. Wide World of Sports has declined because after meeting us here at the Tap for negotiations they decided that we didn't meet American broadcast standards."

Red — "Well Bill, you old bullet foot, how do you think the game will go?"

Bill — "Why, Red, we are going to take them to the cleaners, It will be a little difficult to make substitutions with only eleven men fielded against their twenty, but since there will be a marked slowing in the game after the first minute we shouldn't get all that tired, Red you old staffer you. Since the half time show will be Warhol I don't think that there will be too many people to see our mistakes."

Red "I hear that you don't have too much money to spend on uniforms. What do you plan to in that department, Bullet?"

Bil — "That's right Red we will have no shirts, but everyone will have a 'gansett tatoo on his chest. It will make it easy to bill them as the shirts and us as the skins."

Red — "Bill, who makes up your club outside of yourself and Dauntless Dewey?"

Bill — "Red, we were most fortunate to recruit Mighty Mike Tylick as our cheerleader. He too will help hide our mistakes and it will keep him at least ten feet from the players and contain the plague."

Red — "Sounds like a good plan Bill, Who is going to be up there fighting the RISD rocket feet?"

Bill — "Red, those all-stars Sandy Moore, Xavier Brockman and Yatchi Ooohta will be leading the club in the charge against RISD Saturday."

Red — "Bill, I see that it is twelve and time to be moving on. Before I go, I want to thank you for this interview for myself and all those sports fans who will be following you on the rough turf this season."

Bill — "Well, Red, all I can say is that we are going out there and give Lightning Lusianne and the others a good tough fight."

Red — "Night Bill."

Bill — "We'll see you round, Red."

Red Leonard

RECLAIM THE BUS TUNNEL

The legal basement of the Freshman Building.

THE CHOPPING BLOCK

(This is another installment of the student faculty opinion poll that takes place in the snack bar. The editorial and questions were read and the reactions recorded):

I think everyone at this stage of the game realizes that the label 'art student' has certain connotations to the natives of Providence, and this does not eliminate our dear (?) Providence Journal.

We all have been exposed to the cold stares of the 'Schrafft's ladies and Lord and Taylor ladies' (They weight in at about 200, are six feet tall and are topped off with silver-blue hair) downtown in the mall. We all have heard the salesman remark, "RISD, I should have known." We all saw the photographs in the Journal during the snows featuring "motorists struggling "up Waterman Hill. Well, it was RISD kids who did all the struggling, directed the snarled traffic and got all the strandard motorists where they were going. And I might add refusing tips. Why have things like this occured? Are we that different from the townies that they condemn us from the word go?

THE QUESTION: How and why did we get this derogatory attitude towards us? Can or should it get changed?

Here's what I got:

"Well, I just think that of course we've got this derogatory attitude because we're art students and we're concerned with a different phase of life in the mediocracy and normality of society. Of course we should not change. The art student should be a variable in this mediocracy."

(name withheld)

"An art student wants to dress differently because he wants to be different from the other people. He doesn't want to be associated with the average businessman or his average child. Thank you."

(name withheld)

"The Providence people probably look down at RISD kids, I think mostly because of their dress and their appearance, their outward appearance. And they associate RISD with people who are on pot and LSD, things like that. That's the part you read about in the papers. You don't read about the fantastic art work that comes out of RISD. You just hear about the bad things, usually exaggerated. That's about all I can think of . . ."

(But he came back again for a few other stabs) . . .

". . . These people at URI are supposed to be, you know, natural people, I mean the're the collegiate type, the 'college student.' Now

I've gone down there and the people are complete animals; they smash up their dorms, get drunk worse than anybody and they have no regard for property. They stage panty raids like you've never seen. I know. I have friends that go there. That place is like a zoo compared to RISD — but its not looked down upon."

R. F.: Why does the Journal only seem to emphasize our "faults."

"Well, URI is too far away for the Journal to hear anything about it. But the Journal is close to RISD and they can see us. Why would you look for trouble at a state university? The're just starting now to look into it, this bit about Commies influencing the kids at URI. Now the people are starting to realize that places like URI aren't so pure."

(name withheld—commuter)

"I would think that this attitude started mostly because it's so much fun to gross out townies. I know I do this when I go home and act super cool and I'm sure we all do it. I think it's more fun to hate them and laugh at them."

(Michael Tylick)

"I believe that people make superficial judgments on appearance. Just because RISD students dress a little differently unconventionaly, people feel that way about them."

(name withheld—faculty)

"Anybody that looks different from what is considered the general norm is just naturally frowned upon; probably just because we're different."

(name withheld)

"I think basically we're perhaps a little more sensitive about what's going on and we are trying to do something about it. Maybe in the way we dress and our attitudes, but I think more or less, we're the same as anyone else. It's just these minor differences and what is made of them that makes us outcasts in 'society.' I don't think we should change."

(Bob Adamcik)

"If we would treat the people of Providence like people, maybe they'd treat us like people."

(name withheld)

The Chopping Block will appear every week, each time with a new topic. To become part of this poll, come to the snack bar every Friday afternoon between 1:00 and 4:00 to the table with the tape recorder and tell RISD what YOU think.

Roy Furman

A PROPOSAL TO AND FOR THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE ALL-COMMUNITY

There is an increasing need for members of the academic community to face, to participate in moral and political issues which are not only polluting the common society of man but which are doing irreparable damage to the private and innermost chambers of all individual men — even those who live daily beyond the fray of actual poverty, discrimination, and war. For while some men live for the discussion of semantic variances, others die for the commonplace, the mundane; daily bread of every literal and cultural interpretation. In an attempt to encourage and support those confused but incessant demands newly awakened in a minority of college students here, and in order to displace the confusion and demoralizing apathy with a plan for creative and active participation. I would like to make a proposal.

I suggest that we create a Student-Community Cooperative Center where adult and teenage members of the "outer" Providence communit would work with people of the "campus" community to provide varied programs for young people. These programs would be oriented toward enriching the whole scheme of cultural-art, recreation and academic activities for children in grade and high schools. Maintained by a paid skeletal staff of both inner campus and inner city people, the cooperative would draw mainly on the volunteer resources of several colleges on "the Hill." Still the group would be independant of any college authority. Beyond the jurisdiction of any overriding and distantly established political commitments by the schools, we could be relatively free to establish our own goals and make our own bonds. Housed in an existing building within a focal area (a limitation drawn parallel to our limitations in human and financial resources), such as Fox Point, we could offer programs ranging anywhere from academic tutoring to workshops in any of the arts, from organized sports to field trips. All our activities would be based on an alloy of a need evidenced by the community (if not directly suggested) and the available human resources of all the campuses.

Our aims would be two fold:

1. The first would be a mutual education for both communities; a mutual exchange of information on problems and resources, existing or potential energies and talents. The center would create a physical/tangible and psychological focal point for the centering and organizing of all this material. Of course, this is a very inclusive and long-range goal and would happen only simultaneous to our specific and limited projects.

2. The second aim, in contrast to the "intake" character of the first, would be exactly those specific ideas or programs. In this way we would plan and enter into those immediate and personal relationships which would provide for the movement toward our first goal. Having committed ourselves to participation in the all-community we could begin to bring our own talents to real, and yet often ignored, people of our community. So our second goal is one that is "outwardly." And since no such relationship could be a one way street, we would again be just as much the receivers.

To each side the center would offer a far more tangible jumping off point than "**wanting** to get involved." It would break down the illusion that social problems are so vast and so complex that no contribution can be made from the campus situation. I am convinced that it is often the amorphic nature of the whole situation which is most frightening to students, many of who's political orientation is not established to the point where they can find within the mass of problems one or even several places to commit their time without a great deal of misunderstanding and reservation. For those people the center would be a far more invitational and definitive beginning. Also, by the very nature of the co-op they would be by working with one problem working with many problems at once — poverty, civil rights, etc., in a situation where they can best use their talents, and their energies. At the same time everyone working with the co-op would meet many other people dealing with the same problems. So while a person might start with a very limited contribution of time, this first step would begin a very direct chain of events toward a ful, inward/outward commitment.

For the city community, the other side, the center would offer that same tangible place to which it could direct suggestions, questions and general information. In the same way as the present tutorial program at Brown and Pembroke (only to a greater degree) the center could become a political force, a lever with which to influence crucial situations within the

whole area.

Already there is the possibility that this could be funded or partially funded through the Department of Health, Education and Welfare as an experimental project.

At any rate it could all be started in a small way, e g., as a place for after school activities for grade school children. If it were successful on that level, we could steadily increase our services and activities; always drawing on the campuses for the majority of our staff, always sensitive to what the community needed and wanted.

Eventually, it could be open all day — even into the evenings — through the whole week, offering activities and services to a wide age group. If it succeeeded to this point it would already be self-generating, automatically attracting people with talent and energy form the All-Community, creating a sense of "possibility," encouraging other interrelated campus-city projects.

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I would be interested in discussing this idea or any part of it with any one who has a suggestion or criticism. Please get in touch with me — Box 844, Rhode Island School of Design.

Maryjo Spitzer

April 4, 1967

TAPE LIBRARY FORUM

Tuesday, April 18

11:15 a.m. and 12:15 p.m. — "How Will You Obtain Resources?"
Robert Theold

For little more than a hundred years the West has lived within a socio economic system which forced the vast majority of the population to obtain its income from holding a job. What changes will occur when jobs are not available for the less skilled and the uneducated and even more importantly, available work can be less and less adequately structured in terms of a "job."

Thursday, April 20

11:15 a.m. and 12:15 p.m. — "The Rich get Richer and the Poor Get Poorer." Vera Mickelis Dean, Prof. at N.Y.U. and Author of **The Nature of the Non-Western World.**

Although the level of wealth continues to increase in the West, the economic position of the poor countries is generally deteriorating. What are the reasons for these changes and what would suffice to change present trends?

MORE RELEASES FROM THE STATE HOUSE

The seventh annual Rhode Island Game Fish Awards contest opens April 16, for the 1967 season.

Fisherman have to October 31, to make a winning catch for the year and to receive the Governor's Certificate from Gov. Joh H. Chafee.

Rules and regulations for the contest, sponsored by the State Department of Natural Resources, follow: all catches must be made with rod and reel; the angler must bring the fish to gaff unaided; only fish taken in Rhode Island waters or from a boat docking in Rhode Island are eligible; all entrees must be made at official weighing stations and the award application completed according to directions; the contest closes October 31; all decisions not covered by the above will be resolved by the director of Natural Resources.

Minimum sizes for the rod and reel catches follow: Striped Bass, 50 lbs.; Blue Fin Tuna, 200 lbs.; Tautog, 12 lbs; Swordfish, 150 lbs.; Mako Shark, 150 lbs.; Marlin, blue or white, 50 lbs; Bluefish, 12 lbs.; Pollock, 25 lbs.; Largemouth Bass, six pounds; Smallmouth Bass, four pounds; Pickerel, 24 inches; Yellow Perch, one-and-one-half pounds; Trout — Brown, Brook and Rainbow — four pounds.

The 1966 Game Fish Contest winners were:

Bluefish — 15 lbs. 4 oz., Thomas J. Byanski of 52 Ithaca St., Warwick.

Blue fin Tuna — 744 lbs., Joseph M. Cianciolo of 221 Squantum Drive, Warwick; 605 lbs., Murray J. Cianciolo of 128 Eldredge St., Cranston; 303 lbs., Don Cianciolo of 128 Eldridge St , Cranston; 303 lbs., George H. Hellriegel of Jockey Hollow, Morristown, N. J.

Smallmouth Bass — 4¾ lbs., Richard Wood of 33 Taplow St., Warwick.

Lafgemouth Bass — 8 lbs., 8 ox., William A. Kapuscinski of 121 Laurel Hille Ave., Providence; 7½ lbs., Clifford Chippell of 98 Bucklin St., Providence; 7 lbs., Gerald Fregeolle, of 91 Grandview Ave., Lincoln; 6 lbs., Eugene Lambert of 49 Congress St., Woonsocket; and 5½ lbs., Buddy Chapman of 192 Manton Ave., Providence.

White Marlin — 52 lbs., William P. Catauro of 44 Leslie Drive, Providence.

Striped Bass — Eugene Lambert of 49 Congress St., Woonsocket; 57 lbs., Louis J. Othote, Jr., of 324 North Forest Ave., Pockville Center, Long Island, N. Y.; 55 lbs., 6 oz., John G. Scott of 165 Smith St., Warwick; and 51 lbs., Frank Daignault of 9 Prospect St., Blackstone, Mass.

State House, Providence, R. I. — Governor John H. Chafee received today (Friday) from Walter J. Shea, Chairman of the State Water Resources Coordinating Board, a status report on the Rhode Island water supply which indicated that as of March 28 precipitation for the first 3 months of 1967 was less than an inch below normal.

The areas of more critical water supply, Cumberland, Pawtucket, and Woonsocket, enjoy a much better situation with regard to water levels in their reservoirs. It is now quite certain that these reservoirs will fill before the spring season is past. The tabulation which appears below shows how much improved the situation is over a year ago.

In February, the last month of record, three of the four wells surveyed by the U. S. Geological Survey had levels 2' - 2½' below normal, and this indicated a somewhat higher level than a year ago.

Last year's rainfall, although deficient by 3.4", was much improved over the previous year when the deficiency was 16.7". While this year's rainfall has been very close to normal it is, however, **too early to conclude that the drought of the last five years has ended.**

Public Drinking Water Supply Reservoirs Comparison

1966-1967

Supply: Cumberland, Sneech Pond — March 28, 1966, 64.3 March 28, 1967, 80.0 Percent Full.

Supply: Pawtucket, Diamond Hill & Arnold Mills — March 28, 1966, 54.5; March 28, 1967, 86.6 Percent Full.

Supply: Woonsocket, Reservoir No. 3 — March 28, 1966, 56.6; March 28, 1967, 85.5 Percent Full

Supply: Providence, Scituate — March 28, 1966 72.2*; March 28, 1967 81.5 Percent Full.
* April 1, 1966

PERIPATETIC REPORTER

A Walk In Providence.

I was walking in downtown Providence the other day, and was thinking, of course, about New York, the golden city on the horizon. As I walked next to the Industrial National building, I just couldn't help thinking that it would look like a pimple next to the Empire State Building in New York.

I walked a little further and saw the RKO-Albee theatre; one of seven such theatres in Providence. Then I fondly returned, in my thoughts to fabled Gotham which boasts of 35 legitimate theatres, 3 opera houses, 8 concert halls, and 625 movie theatres. "AH . . . .! 'To be, or not to be', in New York."

Bumping into a convenient ugly building started me out fo my beautiful dreams, however; and I was surprised and disgusted to find that I had bumpd into the Court House.

A few weeks ago, I was lucky enough to visit the Providence Zoo. The Providence Zoo is located in the area of a 420 acre "U" shaped piece of land and contains, of all things, a Japanese garden. They haven't any Japanese people caged in though. There are some nice looking lakes and things there. Some birds were fluttering around in their cages. There were quite a lot of faces hanging around these cages. A pheasant about one-one hundreth the size of a football field kept jumping on the roof of a dog house to see what he could see. But it didn't work. There was an enormous wolf which I awoke out of its stupor with a snowball. It was enormous. Then we saw some mean antelopes. They were mean. They kept glaring at us. They were mean. Mean, mean, mean. There was a large shaggy beast too. There were a lot of empty cages. Evidently many of the animals have been killed off by an epidemic of halatosis. Many empty cages stared us in the face. Empty, empty, empty. The gorilla had its finger in its bellybutton. And others too. Then we left. We were not sorry to go. The Bronx Zoo has 3,500 caged (and uncaged) animals. It is better.

Well, aside from the headache it gave me, it also made me go up to go to bed to reminisce about another merrieee dayeee ineee Providenceeeeeee.

Tobias Mostel

MR. MUMFORD AND THE O. K. CORRAL

O. K. Mr. Mumford, you taught me how to "dip" beans with a hollow (so that six beans give the impression of many), not to serve "single unit" beets, and how to acquire asbestos fingers. For those professional tips, I thank you. I can forgive the constant breakdown of the skim milk machine because you always serve apple sause with pork chops and cranberry sauce with chicken. But I can no longer remain silent as from my window I watch the carpenters installing that obnoxious fence. It's just ghastly — like one giant play-pen. Where are the gamboling lawns of RISD going? Not only does it mar my view, but what would Lady Bird say?

(Ed. Note from Ronn: "A tack, a tack, gross me out will ya? There's a thumb tack in my burger ! ! " "A true case history.")

Franches Heaney

SOME CINEMA

Years ago I wondered what would result if established directors with major actors seriously attempted films based on science fiction. Since then Francois Truffaut has made Ray Bradbury's "Fanrenheit 451" a film.

The story is concerned with a future society (country and date unknown) in which the reading of books is unlawful and fireman are given the responsibility of burning books and capturing the readers. One fireman reads one instead of burning it, breaks away from his group and eventually joins another which memorizes books in the woods.

Truffaut's treatment is extremely limited in scope — failing to penetrate or explore ideas. The lives of a small number of people is depicted in a general manner. They live off pills and transfusions, constantly watch huge wall screens and frequently caress themselves. we are shown how they physically exist but little insight into its causation, meaning or possible direction. Even if these aspects are absent in this society, it should be expressed as such and not just left out.

The director's use of powerful action is, however, impressive. The ransacking searches for books, rushing fire trucks, and belching flame-throwers are all attractive to watch, but little else. In spite of these scenes, some awfully obvious cliches managed to find their way into the action — one dream sequence complete with bending hallway, another with Oscar Werner madly going through locked files and his boss rushing back to the office. After burning his own book-filled home (being turned in by wife Julie Christie), he escapes to the book people in the country and is reunited with a fellow book memorizer, also played by Julie Christie. At least the ending relates to the rest of the film in its degree of patness.

Although color photography is increasingly becoming necessary to top directors, it did not seem required here. Typical of the film is the feeling that Truffaut never managed to say anything particularly new or deep about a particular people or society. Maybe he never wanted to. This is in contrast to his prior films such as "Jules and Jim" and "The Four Hundred Blows" (which Film Society is presenting May 11).

I'm still expecting great things to happen in Stanley Kubricks's upcoming "2001: A Space Odyssey."

Jay Neelley

BEARDSLEY SHOW

We are most indebted to Mr. Huntington Hartford for the recent Beardsley exhibit at his Gallery of Modern Art in New York. Despite the obvious objections to Beardsley at this school in effort to avoid the camp, I found Beardsley much to my taste. Dear Aubrey must reign as a master of the Black and White. In conception he was a Graphic Designer, who, by instinct, brought his contrasts into perfect harmony and balance. As an illustrator he invokes a lyrical dream land of serene idyl and ghastly nightmare. His work reeks wtih dripping sweetness of a decadent soon to pass the day. His work was for the present, his style was not to prevail after an untimely death. Overall a fine Beardsley conveys an aura of total decoration, a style so popular in his own time. Unfortunately our age calls upon him and select contemporaries to reappear. It is just that in an age where walls are smooth from floor to ceiling, rooms like pierced boxes, houses of feigned functionalism, that we once more turn to decoration to bring out life.

Therefore we must open our arms to receive the precious precocious work of master — Aubrey Beardsley.

Respectfully, Paisley Foulard

ANNOUNCEMENTS

RISD WINNERS

Miss Karen Lambe has won the competition for a woven dorsal to hang in the chapel of St. Paul's Church in Wickford, R. I., and was awarded $100. for her design.

Miss Lambe is a junior in the Textile Design Dept. She will execute the finished hanging this summer to be installed in the fall.

* * * * *

In addition Mr. Seedy Joe Carner of 43 Halsey Street, this city, was the "very big winner" in the Readers Digest $999,000 Sweepstakes. He is the proud winner of a 25 inch Magnavox color television that will be delivered "in the next four weeks." Good luck on the taxes Joey boy.

* * * * *

There are also several big winners of Tab. Charles Burnham, Miguelito Caminos, "Sam" Wainford, Dale Zheutlin, and untold others won their cartons of Tab in the Tab Sweepstakes published in LIFE magazine. Drink light and sugar free, people.

* * * * *

Mrs. M. Leigh of Jersey City, New Jersey was the fantistically large winner of $2005 in some contest or another. Come and meet her this Thursday night any time after 7:30 p.m. on the wall of the BLOCKPRINT office.

HELL'S ANGELS' DANCE

The date was April 7 in the evening, the night was misty and damp, and RISDMC's Hell's Angels' Dance was a swinging success.

Though it was implied and suggested that they come dressed as Hell's Angels, most of the dancers came as they were (which in some cases were well on the way in looking like Hell's Angels themselves), enough came equipped with sunglasses, Iron Cross medals, sleeveless sweatshirts, chain belts, switchblade and bowie knives, fake scars and tattoes, Hell's Angels' insignia, etc., to put an interesting touch to the dance.

Several events enlivened the dance, and the most amusing and intriguing one was when a person came hidden inside a meter-high paper cone which waltzed, spun, and hopped about on the dancing floor, causing the watching dancers to laugh and shout encouragements and endearments at it (though the veiled person had shyly refused to reval her identity despite some playful efforts to uncover her, I have ascertained that the person in the dancing cone is a girl and educatedly estimated her to weigh about 105 lgs, give or take 10 pounds, and to be rather on a lean side in shape, with strong knees and legs . . . which causes me to speculate that she may be a ballerina). Then there were several mock brawls and hamming-up of some nicely-lit boys (there was a bar set up near the soft-drink dispenser, and it had significantly added to the rousing merriment of the dance . . . and to the slipperyness of the floor sopping wet in some places with spilled drinks).

And lastly there was the awarding of a prize to the ugliest Hell's Angels couple who were a pair of boys acting as maggots of faggots. As the riffraff-looking jury awarded the prize, it was cheerfull greeted with humorous catcalls, hoots, obscenities, and a light shower of crumbled paper cups.

Throughout the whole dance, the music was supplied entirely by tape recorders which made a better "band" than, for instance, the Sonic Wallpaper fellows and a few other bands. (If you ask me how could I, a deaf person, judge music, I judge it by observing its effects upon the normal-hearing people. If the people's taste is bad . . . well.)

Regretfully, Hell's Angels' Dance ended by 1:00 a.m.

John Roberts

A SPECIAL NOTE OF THANKS

The Thing — being that thing that resembled, to some degree, a cone on the night of the seventh when the moon was out and Hell's Angels were celebrating their terror accomplishments for the year — though unable to speak, can write! and wishes to extend its warmest hatred to whoever was so bold as to award it the prize for the "Ugliest couple." Firstly, it **was not a couple,** and, therefore, not a couple of faggots of maggots, and secondly, how in the hell is a cone supposed to wear a sweatshirt?

ATTENTION: ALL MARRIED SENIOR AND ALL GRADUATE STUDENTS (MARRIED OR SINGLE) Please register your name and/or spouse's name and parent's names and addresses with Mrs. Lewis in the Development Office CB-320 for commencement.

INDUSTRIAL DESIGN SEMINAR — Electronics in Industry, Monday, April 17 Market Building Mr. Charles Fink-designer, of Raytheon, will show products and slides.

SILK SCREEN EXHIBIT — Part I — In the College Building Foyer. Now

RWJC FILM SOCIETY "Long Day's Journey into Night". A must! 7:30 Wed. 18th at YWCA.

FILMS FREE MEM. HALL "Un Chien Andalou" 1928 Salvidor Dali and Luis Bunel plus "Public Enemy" with James Cagney.

WELLESLEY COLLEGE FILM FESTIVAL best student films shown Saturday, April 22, 7:15 and Sunday, April 23, 2:30 in the College's Alumnae Hall. Runners-up Friday, April 21, 7:30. Festival workshop on Saturday will conclude with a lecture-demonstration at 4:00 in Alumnae Hall by Stan Vanderbeek, Advisory Board of Filmmakers Cinematheque, Boston. Tickets may be obtained at the College Information Bureau or at the door.

JUDITH SPEYER, ASSOCIATE EPISCOPAL CHAPLAIN — Office hours for April 18th changed to Wednesday, April 19 from 2-4 p.m. First Floor Carr House.

SUNDAY, APRIL 23 There will be no regular services in Manning Chapel at 11:30 a.m. or for the Episcopal College Church at 11:15 a.m. All students and faculty are invited to a service in Sayles Hall, Brown at 11:30 a.m. when the **Rev. Martin Luther King** will preach.

GRADUATE GRANTS The Institute of International Education (IIS) competition for 1968-69 United States Government graduate grants for academic study or research abroad, and for professional training in the creative and performing arts, will open May 1. Further Information at SAO.

ROOMMATE WANTED Female to share five room apartment close to school. Attractive place with very reasonable rent. Call 331-4431.

MARTIN 000-18 with case call 861-4134 after 6 p.m.

CALENDAR

MONDAY, APRIL 17

7:30 p.m. Rm. 412-CB — Film Course — Mr. Jungles
7:30 p.m. Sophomore Film

TUESDAY, APRIL 18

11:15 a.m. Student Lg. — Tape Forum
12:00 Noon Gym — Dance Group
3:00 p.m. Gym — Wrestling Group
6:00 p.m. Rm. 430-CB. — Seminar G-192 — Mr. Kirschenbaum
9:00 pim. Tennis Club — Tennis - Sign up at S.A.O.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 19

4:00 p.m. Gym — Girls' Volley Ball
5:00 p.m. Rm. 412 CB. Faculty Mtg.
7:30 p.m. Mem Hall Movie — Western Art and Ideas 104 — Mr. Kirschenbaum
7:30 p.m. Student Lg. — Student Council Mtg.
8:00 p.m. Homer Hal — Thornally Apt. Open House

THURSDAY, APRIL 20

7:00 a.m. Tennis Club Tennis — sign up at SAO
11:15 a.m. Student Lg. Taped Forum
12:00 noon Gym Dance Group
5:00 p.m. Homer Study Lg. Bible Study Group
6:00 p.m. Boys Club Swimming
7:30 p.m. Film — "Greed" Mem. Hall

FRIDAY, APRIL 21

4:00 p.m. Gym Girls' Volley Ball
4:00 p.m Mem. Hal Lecture — Ian MeHarg, Speaker, sponsored by Landscape Arch. Dept.
8:00 p.m. Mem. Hall Lecture by Mr. Thompson
8:30 p.m. Auditorium "Don Juan in Hell" — Designers in Drama

SATURDAY, APRIL 22

New London — Sailing race, Conn. Coast Guard
9:00 a.m. - 4 p.m. Mem. Hall I.D. Ass'n Meeting
2:00 p.m. Gym Wrestling
8:30 p.m. Auditorium "Don Juan in Hell" — Designers in Drama

SUNDAY, APRIL 23

11:00 a.m. Upper Ref. Catholic Mass

BURN THE SNACK BAR

NOSTALGIA:

What ever happened to . . .

Winky Dink
Julius LaRosa
Teddy Snowcrop
Rootie Kazootie
Mound City Blues Blowers
Dean Paisner
Sidney Lanier
Sax Rohmer
Marvin Rainwater
X. Brands
Gale Storm
Bishop Fulton J. Sheen
"Burn-em-up" Barnes
Clutch Cargo
Mark Levinson
Dave Garroway
J. Fred Muggs
Flub-a-dub
Farfel
Dennis O'Day
Ichabod Mudd
Tom Corbett and the Space Cadets
Captain Video
Super Duck
Screamin' Jay Hawkins
Carmen Dragon
Gene Vincent and the Blue Caps
Captain Midnight?

Mrs Bouziden - 201 Brown -
Woodlawn Realty - 957-3252

Kenneth McCann - ✓
Richard Tupper - ✓
Mark Wilson -
David Bumbach -

Theirbert
10-12 Sat
Adult Outs
Light - 2 good